

Dedication

CHARLES HARPER WEBB

Where did Blake Bumgardner find the washtub-sized
cojones to confess over the phone, then listen
as KILT's Big Bass Man rumbled, "This goes out
from Blake to Pam, now and forever My True Love,"

the bare-bum truth flashing past Pam, her friends,
his friends, and every living soul in Houston, before ripping
at light-speed across Texas and the whole earth, then
into space to ring out, as the song said, for "all eternity"?

Who could survive hearing his name publicly linked
with one he moaned to his pillow as Rosie
& the Originals nostrilled "Angel Baby" just for her?
I quaked through Hours of Dedications, almost as afraid

that fame would flash to me from heavenly Kimi
Kidsen, as from Lynn Lonnis of the food-clogged braces,
who slogged through Nerd Hell with me every day.
But no, the airways never had to heft my name.

Big Bass Man rocks, today, with Jed the Fish
and Charlie Tuna under death's anonymous waves.
Huggy Boy, the last great dedicator, poofs his toupee
in a Nursing Home. The girls who steamed my dreams

are mired in menopause. Still, their memory makes
my heart flash hot. Hey Little Darlin's—Kimi,
Sherry Baby, Suzi Q, Good Golly Miss Molly,
this one's from Charlie: Cha-Cha-Charlie, Hot-Time

Charlie Ching-Ching-Ching (that's money, honey)—
you heartbreakers, shakers of your moolah-makers
that will never spread or sag, there's (finally) no maybe,
baby. This goes out from me to you.